

The Idle Reporter Grapples With the Negro Problem and the Needs of the Drowsy Brother in Black.

SNOW HIM UNDER WITH AN AVALANCHE OF SUGGESTIONS

with this issue I become famous. But ion't expect too much of me, dear reader. You are not about to peruse an exquisite rhetorical effort from my pen, nor do I intend to burst into song. It is my purpose to solve the negro

It is my pulpose to solve the negro problem.

Everybody who seeks celebrity now-sidays makes a didactic lunge at the sure state of the sur

him, why, then, all he has to do is to take himself off and gulp down somebody else's medicine. It is pretty safe to assume that he won't go far without finding a disagreeable mixture of some kind.

Our brother in black, unlike Byron, has not awakened to find himself famous. He has awakened to find himself a problem, a deep, insolvable problem. And it isn't his fault, either. But yesterday he went to sleep a very plain, normal, healthy, labor-shirking mortal, who had been droning away his time in Virginia since 1618 without particular harm to himself or anybody else. To-day he spens his sleepy eyes five hours after the time he ought to be at work, and realizes that he is one grand, colossal interrogation point in ebony. It tickles him; it would tickle anybody.

of "taters" resigns his job and awaits eggs, so as to save him undue trouble in results. He likes being the cynosure of devouring them. At any rate the banner

results. He likes being the cynosure or scientific eyes. It's what some vulgarians call a "soft snap;" what others of the same sort designate as a "clinch."
There is only one drawback about the situation. The hereditary enemy of the 'possum isn't quite certain whether he is to be lynched or worshipped. The only thing he's certain about is that he doesn't intend to work until the problem is settled.

devouring them. At any rate in establishments, and work which has never falled to dresh enough the acrowds, whatever the creed or color of those invited.

Unfortunately, however, the colored brother still has troubles of his own—troubled.

'possums and the traditional consumer | less and hens will doubtless lay shelless

Unfortunately, however, the colored brother still has troubles of his own—troubles which arouse him from his midday naps and break in on his afternoon elestas. As he yelds to the soporiferous influences about him—anything, you know, will make a darkey drowsy—his pence is disturbed by the thunderous brawlings of the white folks. When he sleeply investigates, he discovers, to his astonishment, that they are discussing him; that they are almost coming to blows about his future fate. Each of his self-atyled benefactors submits a different proposition looking to the Afro-American's welfare. one and all want the traditional enemy of the 'possum to be good and to take their advice. Think of it. Could anything be more inconvenient? Is there anything on earth more distressingly wearisome than being good or choking down advice?

say they are his friend, yet all of them want to be his friend at a distance. How-ever discordant the Caucasian debaters

"nation's ward," is positive about one ing the melon destroyer's greatest pos-thing—that the darkey and the 'possum' session—his intellect. Shall the tender-South. The Northern brother is even willing to put up money to keep him here.

On the other hand, the Southerner, who has rubbed noses and hunted Molly cottontalls with the black man ever since the days when John Rolfe picked tobacco worms off the Virginia "weed," believe that the time has come for the negro to pay his Northern benefactors a little visit.

solved yet. It has been working over-time for months and is still making peo-ple famous. There is that matter of

shinned sleeper be aroused from his sumbers and made to wrestle with the Oratio Obliqua and the subtle subjunctive of the Latin grammar; the coy French yerb and the maddening distinctions between "shall" and "will;" or must we merely sooth his comatose mind with the three R's and a little Scripture? Aye, there's the rub—the problematic sand-paper that is now scratching the hides off the Caucasian debaters and worrying the real darkey about as much as files worry white folks in winter.

On the one hand, it is urged that no ninger who says "he doesn't." instead of "he don't," can guide a blow to agricultural success (for the white man); on the other, it is maintained that it is revel to allow any human being to pass his life, even exterminating potato bugs and sawing wood, without a due appreciation of Emerson and an exact knowledge as to whether or not the late Hamilet, Prince of Denmark, was have a grand and cheerful future in the shinned sleeper be aroused from his

appreciation of ismerson and an exact knowledge as to whether or not the late Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, was actually insane.

Mind you, this duscussion is always relative—always based on what the white brother thinks about the matter. It has never occurred to the great majority of the debaters to conceive the possibility.

folks just as there are po'-white folks and invest an ebon aristocracy with pre-rogatives similar to those now enjoyed by the upper crust of Caucasianism? Mark you, this is not a suggestion.

a mere "obiter dictum." My su My sugges

have all the fun they want experimenting on members of their own race? This, in itself, might be one road to elimination, if not extermination.

But there are some who will arise and say: Booker Washington ate with the President—a white man. True, he did, but fortunately we are a little short on the crop of presidents. There are not enough to go around, therefore the genuinely cultivated "cultiud brother," with real powers of discernment, will soon see that the free lunch prospects are most unpromising.

But shucks, every idea that occurs to me is fraught with difficulties. When-ever I start to make a suggestion look-ing to the welfare of our flat-footed kinsing to the welfare of our flat-footed kinsman, I recall the fact that there are some people who suffer from a chronic hatred of the darkey. It is to this class that I, for reasons of policy, direct my real suggestion. I would solve the negro problem by Mild Extermination Through The Medium of Education. That is to say, I would give the watermicon lover enough education to enable him to read with facility. Then I would force him to peruse all the advice that has been offered him. I would have him hunted down by Northern philanthropists with bulky pumphlets and impractical speeches; or pursued through the slashes and blackberry bushes by Southern educators, with long addresses looking to his elevation by social segregation. As soon as my scheme is put into operation.

foubt it. Methinks, I can see certain features wretches through megaphones to be good

TALE OF BOOK-WORM WHO FOUND CHANGE OF

or urging them over long distance tele distance.

Perhaps, too, the contingent favoring deportation will be on hand to assist in the bush-whacking-to persuade the sable sinners to get hence to Kamachatka or Liberia or to the jungles of the Congo. All, all will scatter their didactic literature and uplifting advice in the path of the darkey and snow him under with an avalanche of wise suggestions. If this doesn't wipe out the whole pesky breed of niggers, then I don't know what's what.

To those who really love the amiable colored citizen I also offer a little solution of the negro problem. It is: Let the rascal alone. Let him continue to eat and sleep and hunt 'possums as he has done for nearly 300 years.

And to the darkey himself I submit the following:
WANTED-A GOOD, FAT, BLUEGUM Perhaps, too, the contingent favoring

collowing:
WANTED—A GOOD, FAT, BLUEGUM
colored cook, from Goochland county, to
be a "mammy" to my twins and to
assist my family in kissing and loving
an interesting girl baby. Must be
willing to sleep in nursery with little
ones and to act as maid to lady of the
house. None but old-timers need apply
to.



THE SKIPWITH FAMILY

(Second daughter.) Maria, died unmar-

ried.
(Third daughter.) Helen.
Sir Peyton Skipwith died in Virginia
9th of October, 1805, and was succeeded

oth of October, 1805, and was succeeded by his eldest son,
VIII. Sir Gray, born 17th September,
17tl. He married, 22d of April, 1801, Harriet, third daughter of Gore Townsend,
Esq., of Honington Hall, Warwick county,
England, and by her (who died 7th of
July, 1830) had ten sons and seven daughters. He was succeeded to the baronetoby his eldest son,
IX. Sir Thomas George, whose son,
X. Peyton-de-Estouteville succeeded
him, and was succeeded in turn by his
son, Peyton, then Baronet, 1857. (See
Burke's Peersge, 1858.)
We will now drop the English descent
and continue the Virginia line through
Sir Poyton Skipwith, of "Prestwould,"
Virginia, who also had a son, Peyton
(who married in Georgia, Cornelia, a
daughter of General Nathaniol Greene,
and had several children). He also had
two daughters by his first wife: First—
Helen, who married Tucker Coles, of two daughters by his first wife: First-Helen, who married Tucker Coles, of "Tallwood," Albemarle county, Va. (son of John Coles, second, of "Enniscorthy," Albemarle, Va.); second—Belina, who married John Coles (third), brother of said Tucker Coles, and had issue; John Coles (four), of Warren; Peyton Coles, who hought "Enniscorthy," Albemarle, Sir Peyton Skipwith's wife, Ann, died without further issue. He then married

ited "Prestwould," Va., and married, first he had two daughters-Sarah, who mar phia, and Helen, who married Joseph

were gained by alliance, after the creation of the baronetcy.

By looking into the descent we find that Sir Thomas George Skipwith, of 'Presiwould,' Lelicester county, England, married, secondly, Jane, second daughter of Hubert B. Moore, Esq., of Anaghbeg county, Galaway, granddaughter of the Dowager Lady Dunboyne, and that from her gained the three stars which are found in her shield; and we also find the Dunboyne arms, as created in 1541, having the lion rampant as a supporter. The significance of the Skipwith arms is, first, industry, as shown by the reel; sport, as by the hound; defence, or barricade, by the bars; grandeur, by the stars, and royalty, by the llon.

Many of the descendants in Virginia are entitled to these arms, as traced direct from the Barons of England.

E. C. M.

"One of those things which go to show that where there is a will there is a way is well exemplified by a happening in certain Southern city," said a well known

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The Valentine Museum

By BILLY BURGUNDY.



"KELSEY COULD READ SANSCRIT WITH ONE EYE AND GREEK WITH THE

OTHER."

She would shut herself up in the parlor and bury her face in the encycoraer in the approach of the period of maximum sun spots, why one-half of a seidlitz powder is always wrapped in blue paper and the other in white, and why hens don't serow. He could classify a flower by its odor, a fish by its tail feather.

Kelsey knew William Shakespeare by heart, Richard Harding Davis by sight

Mell, to get to the point, wherever Kelsey went the He-catchers tried to win him out by displaying their Breakfast Food brand of intellect, but there was nothing doing. One day Kelsey met a glidy little blue-aport and bury her face in the encycoraer in the parlor and bury her face in the encycoraer in and bury her face in the encycoraer in and bury her face in the encycoraer in the first in the He-catchers tried to win him out by displaying their Breakfast Food brand of intellect, but there was nothing doing. One day Kelsey went the He-catchers tried to win him out by displaying their Breakfast Food brand of intellect, but there went the Ho-catchers tried to will be deep down and the nothing more abstruse than caramels, chiffon and Booth Takington. Blondy was an affectionate on the size would put the calf-bounds back on the size was nothing and very becoming to a better the woll and the classical interior. Well and the received blonds have the subject come up by accident, so that Kelsey would think she knew just where the subject come up by accident, so that Kelsey would think she knew just have for he martied her will be a seen the subject to the point with the see went the Ho-catchers tried to will have the subject by death of the seep went the lectach wi

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she would rumble the cards and hand out a mislead.

Whenever a subject on which she was particulity strong came up something would happen to change it before she could shoot her bolt.

Such was the case with every dame who stacked the cards so that she could con Kelsey into thinking she was real intelligent and eligible to preside over the aft end of his table.

Of course, they knew it was very naughty and wicked to pretend to know a whole lot about the awfully profound things, but what else could they do to win a man who was certainly too brilliant to care for a girl who was the least bit frivolous?

HANDSOME

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

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Proprietor,

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lows: "Sir Henry Skipwith, Knt., I cannot pass over in silence, for that his so many good parts, his person, his valour, his learning, his judgment and wisdom, do challenge more than I can express. Among the rest, yet I cannot omit to speak of his witty conceits in making fit and acute epigrams, poems, mottoes and devices." Sir Henry was succeeded by his eldest son,

Baron Skipwith.

This ancient English family began in the time of William the Conqueror, under

the name of Robert-de-Estoteville, to whose son, Patrick-de-Estoteville, was given by gift of his father the lordship of Skipwith, from which his descendants took the name, as was the custom of the

age.

The name was originally Schypwyc, then

The name was originally Schypwyc, then to Skipwie, as under the Saxon term for lands. We find Sir William-de-Skipwith, Lord of Skipwith, was living in the time of Henry III., and from him descended on down a long list of distinguished cavaliers, which would take more space than we could give to enumerate, but will begin with:

we could give to enumerate, but will begin with:

I. Eir Henry Skipwith, Knt., of Prestwould, Lelcester county, England, who was created Baronet December 29, 1622.

He married Miss Kempe, daughter and co-heir of Sir Thomas Kempe, Knt., by whom he had four sons and two daughters. Sir Henry sold the Prestwould estate in 1638. The Baronet was a poet, and was spoken of by Barton in 1622 as follows:

"Sir Henry Skipwith, Knt., I cannot

50n,
11. Sir Henry, who died unmarried;
his brother,
111. Sir Grey Skipwith succeeded him.
This gentleman emigrated to Virginia
during the usurpation of Cromwell,
where he died. He was succeeded by his
only son. only son,
IV. Sir William, who was succeeded by

IV. Sir William, who was succeeded by his eldest son,
V. Sir Grey. This gentleman died in Virginia, and was succeeded by his son,
VI. Sir William Skipwith, of "Prest-would," in Virginia, who continued to reside there, and dwing in Virginia, 1764, was succeeded by his son,
VII. Eir Peyton Skipwith, who married itwice and had issue:
(1) Gray, his helr.
(2) Peyton, who married in Virginia,
(First daughter.) Lelia, married, first,
the Charles Carter, Esq.; second to St.

.... A PIN

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

H, I know a certain lady who is reckoned with the good,
Yet she fills me with more terror than a raging lion would.
The little chills run up and down my spine whene'er we meet,
Though she seems a gentle creature, and she's very trim and neat. 0

And she has a thousand virtues and not one acknowledged sin, But she is the sort of person you could liken to a pin.
And she pricks you and she sticks you in a way that can't be said.
If you seek for what has hurt you—why, you cannot find the head! But she fills you with discomfort and exasperating pain. If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain! A pin is such a tiny thing, of that there is no doubt, Yet when it's sticking in your flesh you're wretched till it's out.

She is wonderfully observing—when she meets a pretty girl She is always sure to tell her if her hair is out of curl; And she is so sympathetic to her friend who's much admired, She is often heard remarking, "Dear, you look so worn and tired."

And she is an honest critic, for on yesterday she oyed. The new dress I was airing, with a woman's natural pride. And she said, "Oh, how becoming!" and then gently added, "It is really a misfortune that the basque is guch a fit."

Then she said, "If you had heard me, yester eve, I'm sure, my friend, You would say I was a champion who knows how to defend."

And she left me with the feeling—most unpleasant, I aver—
That the whole world would despise me if it hadn't been for her.

Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless way, She gives me the impression I am at my worst that day, And the hat that was imported (and which cost me half a sonnet) With just one giance from her round eyes becomes a Bowery bonnet,

She is always bright and smiling, sharp and pointed for a thrust, Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor does she gather rust. Oh! I wish some hapless specimen of mankind would begin To tidy up the world for me, by picking up this pin!

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